Mr. *Pead's* SERMON,

On the *Parable* of

Dives and *Lazarus*.

Curteus Reader,

If that these serious and weighty Considerations upon the *Parable* of *Dives* and *Lazarus*, should not be accounted worth laying out One Penny, be pleased to Read them over *Gratis*, keep the Book clean, and Return it in three Hours.

The Wicked Man's Misery.
AND THE
Poor Man's Hope and Comfort.
BEING A
SERMON
Upon the
Parable of *Dives* and *Lazarus*,
Wherein

Is briefly discovered the Miserable Estate and Condition of those who are guilty of *Uncharitableness*, *Pride* and *Covetousness*.

AS ALSO,

The happy Rewards and Enjoyments which are prepared for the *Righteous*, who patiently endure Afflictions in this World.

Luke XVI. Ver. 19, 20, 21.

There was a certain Rich Man, which was cloathed in purple and fine linnen, and fared sumptuously every day. And there was a certain Beggar named Lazarus, *which laid at his Gate full of Sores: And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the Rich Man's Table: moreover the Dogs came and licked his Sores*, &c.

Prov. 28. 6. *Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness, then he that is perverse in his ways, though he be Rich.*

By the Reverend Dr. Dean, Minister of St. *James's Clerkenwell, London.*

Licensed according to Order.

London Printed, and Sold by *J. B.* on *London-Bridge*, 1699.

Luke XVI. Ver. 19, 20, 21.

Ver. 19. *There was a certain Rich-Man, which was cloathed in purple and fine linnen, and fared sumptuously every day. And there was a certain Beggar named* Lazarus *which was laid at his Gate full of Sores. And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich mans table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores,* &c.

THE *Pharisees*, who were present at our Saviour's *Conference* with the Disciples, in the former part of this *Chapter*, were so netled at his *pithy and home Discourse*, that they mocked at, and derided him, *viz.* Because he exclaimed against those sins they were strongly prone to, and wilfully allowed themselves in; namely, *Covetousness* and *Uncharitableness*: He therefore, to convince them of their Folly, and, if possible, to reduce them to a more generous and humane frame of Spirit, ushers in *a very notable and affecting Parable*, adorned with illustrious Instances, and furnished with *memorable Characters*: *There was*, says he, *a certain Noble Man who lived softly, had many Attendants, full Tables, a stately Palace, every thing that was great, good, and desirable in this Life.* And there was a poor indigent Man, called by the Name of *Lazarus, destitute of a comfortable Habitation, his Belly pinched with hunger, his Spirits languishing for want of reviving draughts, his Countenance dejected and fading, and his Flesh being exposed to stress of weather, not having wherewith to defend it from boisterous Winds and other common Contingencies, broke out into Ulcers and putrifying Sores. This miserable Creature makes to the rich Man's Seat, and fills his Courts with the doleful cries of a Languishing*

guishing Soul; he begs, not for Dainties and ſumptuous Diet, but only for waſte Bread, the refuſe of the Servants; or rather for the Crumbs which uſually fall under the Table at Meals. This was the poor Man's requeſt; that which is ſwept up with the reſt of the litter, and thrown out of Doors to the Dunghil, was all that this diſtreſſed Lazarus *moſt importunately deſired, to allay the gripes & gnawings which ſharp Hunger had created within him*: But though his Neceſſities were ſo preſſing, his requeſt ſo modeſt and reaſonable, and his Sores ſo angry and painful, (enough to have melted down an obdurate Heart into pity, and to have obliged the meaneſt Perſon to have ſpared from himſelf, and nouriſhed ſuch an afflicted Soul, (yet this avaricious and impregnable Wretch turns a deafned Ear, caſts a diſmal Eye upon, and *brow-beats this trembling Beggar*, and baſely denies him that which his menial Servants ſcornfully rejected. The Dogs which generally are curriſh and ſnarling, ready to ſnap at, and fly upon ſtrangers, *here change their Nature, and, as it were, expreſs their Pity by doleful howlings*; and as if this was too little, *medendi gratia linguas ſuas accommodant*, run haſtily to him, and endeavour the Cure of his Wounds by licking them with their ſoft and eaſie Tongues: Thus theſe Creatures ſupplied the Neceſſities of afflicted *Lazarus*, by the inſtinct of Nature, more than their Maſters by all the Tyes and Obligations of Reaſon.

He was bleſt with a *flouriſhing Eſtate*, nothing that the World eſteemed good, great, and deſirable, was withheld from him; ſo that ſince Providence had thus undeſervedly crown'd him with a plentiful Revenue, he could not, unleſs wrapped up in the *Womb of Ingratitude*, have denied a ſmall part of ſo vaſt an Income to this *importunate Beggar*; much leſs have refuſed him that inconſiderable Requeſt of his, namely, *The*

crumbs

crumbs which fell from his Table; such Offal which his Dogs blowed upon; But brutishly forgetting from whence his Riches sprang, and greedily fixing his Heart upon them, concludes, it Prodigality and ill Husbandry to part with any thing, tho' it were but a Rag to cover the Flesh, or a morsel to sustain the Hunger, or a draught to revive the languishing Spirits of a Fainting Soul. *Such dangerous Temptations are Riches, if Men are not Guarded with Grace, and well consider the Design of God in bestowing them.* Hence our Saviour pronounces, That *it is easier for a Camel to go through the eye of a Needle, than for a rich Man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven.* Not that Riches are evils in themselves, but they become such by an imprudent Management, when Men suffer their Hearts to be drawn away by them. They are commonly Blessings; they were so to *Abraham, Lot, Isaac, and Jacob*; to *Job, David*, and *Joseph of Arimathea*: But such was the stupid brutishness of this Miser, he contracted such an inordinate love to his Estate, that he had quite lost all Humanity and Compassion: His only care was to keep what he had, drowning his Senses in Gluttony, Drunkenness, and all kinds of Sensuality, never once thinking of a Life to come; but *O sad Catastrophe, and dismal change of things!* Riches, tho' they defend from Hunger, Thirst, and other exterior Contingencies, yet they cannot bribe and stave off Death, neither insinuate with the Judge Christ Jesus for a favourable Trial, nor purchase a Mansion amongst the Saints; *he dies and awakes in the midst of scorching flames, and bituminous smoke*, fear'd that the gastly Spectrums and heideous Noises he meets with among Devils and damned Fiends. *Lazarus also dies, and is carefully conveyed into* Abraham's *bosom*, a safe repository, and never to Hunger, Thirst, and want more.

The

The words of the Text are properly divided into two *special parts*. The *First* is, *A brief Narrative of a Rich Man's general Course of Living*; he cloaths himself with rich, gay, and costly Raiment, and fareth sumptuously every Day. The *Second* Part is, *A description of the Calamities that attend Poverty*; *Lazarus* was full of sores, almost naked and famished, he begs for a little Sustenance, and that of the meanest kind, but was most uncharitably denied it. Now these two Generals demonstrate to us;

First of all, *That Riches are strong intentives to Luxury and Riotousness*; this Rich Man fared Sumptuously every Day, he Entertained himself every Day with Luxurious Delights.

Secondly, That *Riches tempteth to pride, Haughtiness, and Uncharitableness.* This Elated Miser thought it beneath his Grandeur, either to look upon, or commiserate afflicted and languishing *Lazarus*; and therefore chides him by his *Menial Servants*, and sends him away empty as he came.

Thirdly, That *Poverty is a despicable State, and renders a Man most vile and mean in the Eye of others*, how much soever good he hath heretofore done with what God hath blessed him with.

These are the *three Topicks* which will be the subjects of my ensuing *Discourse*; only by the way it may not be improperly inserted, That by the *Rich Man, and poor Lazarus*, is figured out to us the different state of good and bad Men in this Life: Good Men, for the most part, are in mean and low Circumstances, and of small account, but are rich towards God, precious in his sight, and have their portion treasured up with him, according to that of *James*, chap. 2. 5. God has chosen the poor of this World

heirs

heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven. *The Wicked generally flourish*, the World's affluences tumble upon them, but they have their Portion in this life; hereafter Fire and Brimstone, and an horrible Tempest, shall be the Portion of their Cup, *Psal.* 11. 6.

But to proceed in order. First, *Riches are strong incentives to Luxury and Riotousness.* This noble man fared Sumptuously every Day; he observed no intervals for Mortification, no time for holy Retirement, for a strict Examination of himself, for *Prayer*, *Repentance*, and other necessary Duties. Nor was he so Morally useful to others as was St. *Austine*, who divided the Day into special Portions for needful businesses; *to reconcile disturbed Families, and link together enraged Neighbours in the Bonds of Amity, to observe and minister to the Necessities of the Indigent, to instruct the Ignorant, counsel the less wary*; and such like. No no, this wealthy Wretch lived every Day to himself, delighting his Palate with luscious Viands, and *Falernian* Liquors, loading his Stomach with Morsels, without any regard to Moderation; had no thoughts of, nor any earning bowels, after those who wanted, and would be glad of the meanest bit at his Table. After this Luxurious manner did he spend every Day; *such strong and irresistible temptations are Riches, when Men are without Grace, and consider not the wise and holy purpose of God in bestowing them*; for tho' they are the proper and peculiar Gifts of Heaven, and were promised to, and bestowed upon our Forefathers, as illustrious instances of the Divine favour, yet they are not to be prostituted solely to our selves, that is, to nourish and maintain our Lusts, for then they change their nature, and prove the manifest ruin of Soul and Body. Upon which account, it may not be improper to insert this *Memorandum*, That they who are blest'd with

Plenty

Plenty and Store, ought to be very importunate with God, that he would *moderate, and rectify their Appetites, keep and restrain their Hearts, curb and limit their Desires, that they may not be taken up, and charmed with their Wealth, as to forget the Concernments of their Souls, and suffer them to live out a long Eternity with the Damned Crew, in the unhappy Residences of Misery.* Therefore our Saviour, ever and anon, is giving a special charge to Rich Men, that they be very cautious and wary, lest they should be inchanted, and betrayed by Superfluities, which like the *Syrens*, whom the Poets speak of, as it were, lie in wait for Men, and seduce them by their pleasing and almost irresistible Charms. It was an excellent Prayer of *Agur's*, Prov. 30. 8, 9. *O Lord*, says he, *Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: Lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.*

Having weighed in an even Ballance both a prosperous and an adverse state, and considering what inconveniencies the extream of their condition would bring men into; the one tempting them to Luxury, Drunkenness, and Gluttony, the other to Theft, Lying and Perjury; Prostrates himself before God, with rectified desires, a moderate appetite, and an humble heart, and beseeches him to bless him with a condition neither too wealthy, nor too despicable: to the end he might not be prompted to such enormous sins. *When Riches are enjoyed without a just sense and fear of God, they lead men into manifold extravagances*; the appetite which once perhaps was corrective, and as scanty as a mean competency, now enlarges it self, and grows as comprehensive in its wishes, as the Estate abounds; Now the Heart is fixed upon its desired Treasure; and no less taken with all the pleasures

and

and seemingly delights it can procure and purchase, to violate a divine Commandment; when obedience thereto stands in competition with Money, is thought no sin, but rather a special instance of policy and prudence. In a word, and to borrow the expression, *The love of Money spends all its desires upon it self, to purchase nothing but unsatisfying instruments of Exchange, or Supernumerary Provisions; and ends in emptiness of Spirit.*

This Rich Man in the Text spent all his thoughts, how he might advance to the height of an Epicures Life; what shall I eat? or what shall I drink? or what shall I put on? the World seemed too little to answer his greedy desires; too empty to furnish his Table with such varieties his extended Appetite most passionately craved after. His Estate was large, and his Mind answerable; nay, rather more diffusive: So that though he was plentifully accommodated with the *sublimest rarities*, yet still he seemed unsatisfied; but sure this is not the end of our Creation, God has not designed us meerly for these lower entertainments. Our Spirits are capacious Beings, of eternal duration, and must live in another World for ever, after this is consumed. Where then is thy policy? *O Dives! Where is the sense of thy Voluptuous faring?* Thou must not always abide here; thy Riches, Honours, and Luscious Delicates, all must perish, and thou *Stript into a naked Spirit*, and answer for all thy Transactions at the Tremendous Bar of Justice, where neither thy Wealth nor Grandure can procure thy *favour with Judge or Jury*, the meanest Peasants shall then be as great as thou, and find as much receptance at that *Grand Assizes*. But to proceed to the second general Head, namely,

Secondly, That as Riches are strong Incentives to Luxury and Riotousness, so to *Pride, Haughtiness and Unchastableness*. This wealthy Miser thought it too

great a Reflection upon his Dignity and Person, to look upon, or commiserate afflicted *Lazarus*; and therefore he imperiously charged his Servants to forbid him begging, and to send him away empty as he came.

He considered that such an Estate as he was possessed of, called for *Lofty looks, a starch'd carriage, big words, and full commands, a visible separation of himself from his inferiours*; and that which enhanced his Estate, speaking to others by the mouth of his Servants, being difficult of access, and carrying it in all things with Majesty, Pomp, and an imperious Deportment. It had therefore been a visible slur upon his Person, to have seemed afflicted with the complaints of poor *Lazarus*, to have stepped from his seat and viewed this *Beggar's Condition*, and commanded supplies for him. Should he, who was advanced to the very top of honour and magnificence; he, who had attendance always at hand, whose grandeur was noised abroad, and became the *wonder and admiration of the Neighbouring Villages*; he whose cloathing was Royal Purple, whose Linnen the Richest that *Acajah* could furnish him with; he whose Presence was the Terrour of his Houshold, and the astonishment of the Vulgar; Should such a one, thus *incircled to the rarest accommodations of Fortune*, so far demean himself to stoop to a Person fallen into the depth of Disgrace, attended with all the Instances of Contempt and Derision, as was dejected *Lazarus*? No, no, let him away from my Gate, and get his Belly full at some Cottage or other. Thus Riches are apt to make us forget our selves, they intoxicate our understanding, and Prompt us to overrate our selves; they lift us up above our Sphere, and lead us to contemn and slight those who are not in such fortunate circumstances as our selves. Com-

mon

mon Experience gives us too many, and palpable Instances of this kind; some who through *meaneſt of Parentage*, or other unhappy Contingencies, have lived in an Ordinary Capacity, and while thus bereaved of Fortunes Gifts, possibly were Humble, Meek, and Condescending, forward to assist when useful, and apt to be affected with the Calamities, and pressing necessities of others; but when the tide has changed either their Industry blest to a plentiful Estate, or they started into a wealthy Condition, by the *last Will and Testament of a deceased Friend, or familiar Acquaintance*, their disposition has changed too Now their late Translation speaks greater things; their Conversation must be with those who are of the same Rank and Quality with themselves. Now their wonted Apparel, which was plain and suitable to their Condition, must be of another Mode and Figure, set off with *curious Trimmings*, and *fashionable Appurtinances*; their Carriage more Airy and affected, their Countenances more Elevated and Stately; their Speech more Majestick and Uncooth, *former Acquaintance must be buried in Oblivion*, the poor not worthy of their notice, or at least have nothing to spare for them; their Pride and Grandeur must be maintained; but what an unfortunate case is this, *that men should forget from whence they are*, and value themselves so much upon such unconstant and perishing things as Riches are? what art thou the better for thy wealth? wherein dost thou exceed thy meaneſt Brother? Reckon not upon Wealth, for God is no respecter of Persons. A Beggar, it may be, is more in God's favour than thou, and shall be admitted within the vail to Joy and feast himself for ever, with those rare, unseen repasts which Divine Wisdom has contrived for those who express their *Love and Loyalty to him*, whilst thou shalt be dragged

away by the common Accuſer, and his Angels, into the Repoſitories of ſhame and ſorrow, there to ſuffer the utmoſt heats of Sin-revenging God.

But beſides the ſtupid folly of being puffed up in conceit, becauſe thy *Lot is fallen into a fair Heritage*; Daily experiences almoſt evinces us, that riches are Tranſient Pleaſures, like unto the *flower of the field, which to day is blown, gay, and beautiful*, and to morrow faded, and fit for nought but to be helped together with the graſs: Thou calleſt thy ſelf to day a ſubſtantial, wealthy perſon; Houſes in abundance, Land large and fruitful, Bags full, and running over, but by the morrow perhaps thou mayeſt be weeping to ſee thy Tenements laid in Aſhes, thy Money ſnatch'd away by the ſilent crafty Thief, or perhaps, thou weeping, ſighing, and *roaring in Hell*; thou knoweſt not but the Sentence is gone forth from God; *Thou fool, this night ſhall thy Soul be required of thee, and then whoſe ſhall thoſe things be which thou haſt provided?* But if it ſo falls out, that thou ſhouldſt out-live thy Happineſs, ſee thy ſelf ſtripp'd of all thy *Pomp and Riches*, thou mayeſt juſtly expect to meet with hard uſage; for, (beſides the many Reflections which would certainly be caſt upon thee, that this ſad Cataſtrophe, and dilmal change of things, is a juſt Judgment upon thee for thy *Pride, Arrogance, Self-conceitedneſs, and Uncharitableneſs*, during thy Proſperity,) Men would be ſo far from pitying thy downfall, and conſidering thy neceſſities, that rather they would reproach thee for thy Poverty, and laugh at thy Calamities. *The World is apt to remember faults*, and never at a better time, than when Men are fallen into decay, and ſtand in ſpecial need of common help, then the generality lay their heads together, and *recount as many faults*, which may harden them againſt a charitable diſpoſition; but enough for the ſecond general

general thing, namely, That *Riches are strong Temptations to Pride, Haughtiness, and Unchristableness*. The other remaining Topicks, namely, That *Poverty is a most despicable State*, and renders a Man most vile and mean in the Eye of the World; drawn from the miserable Condition of *Lazarus*, and the base usage shewn him in his Low Circumstances by the Rich Man, shall be my business the next opportunity. I now proceed to make some special Use of what hath been said at this time, and so conclude.

And the *first Use* is; That if Riches are such Lures and strong Temptations, it should serve for an Admonition to those who are blessed with them, *that do not set too great a value upon them, nor hug them with too much eagerness and desire*; that they labour to make their love of Wealth subservient to their Love of Heaven, and heavenly things, that they learn to admire and adore their Creator, who has cast their Lot in a *fair Heritage*, and rightly understand his wise and holy purpose, in crowning them with Prosperity; that Riches are not given to spend them upon our Lusts, to *live sumptuously every Day*, to trifle our time in ease, Idleness, and security; this is the abusing of Riches; No, no, they are given to more excellent ends; *To encourage us in our Duty, to give our Children good Education; to help the Fatherless and Widow, the Oppressed and Stranger*; it is sad to consider, how Lavish and Prodigal many are, whom fate has blest with plenty and store, laying out vast sums in *beautifying buildings, dainty fair and well furnished Wardrobes*, and the like, while the poor perish at their Gates: *Dives* was so taken up with his various and extravagant Diversions, that he could spare no time, or rather would not, to hear the doleful Complaints of distressed *Lazarus*, or to see, consider, and relieve his necessities.

He

He was cloathed in Purple and fine Linnen; his belly filled with the best of Provisions, and therefore considered not what it was to be *Hungry, Thirsty, Naked, and Friendless*, he was not tormented with that sharp Thorn which so miserably afflicted *Lazarus*, that he cryed, Oh! fill my craving Stomach with the *crumbs that fall under thy Table*, with those superfluous morsels which are thy Dogs Food; I desire not that which thou feedest upon; nothing else but the worst bit thy *Servants leave*; this is my request, this I should be glad of; and without some speedy relief, *I shall faint and drop, and perish at thy Gates*. This dismal Story no way affected this Inexorable Wretch, but he rather chid him for his importunity, than Pitied him for his poverty. One would have thought that such expressions as these were enough to have pierced the most obdurate heart, and to have melted it down into Compassion; but such is the unhappy proof of an heart enamoured with, and inseparably fixed upon Riches. Let it therefore be a Caveat to those who are favour'd with the *smiles of fortune*, that they do not reckon too much upon their prosperous condition, nor be too much in love with it.

Secondly, The *second Use* is, That since Riches are apt to seduce and betray men, tempt them to forget God and themselves; *let those whose fortunes are mean in the World, learn to be content in their State*. They have the more leisure to look after the concernments of their Souls, and to provide for their *long Journey into Eternity*; they are free from abundance of Cares, Fears, and Troubles; they are not perplexed with contriving how to purchase such an Estate, not overwhelmed with the fear of losing it, but have many fair opportunities of preparing themselves for the *embraces of the Father of Spirits*. Therefore Christian, grudge not that thy Portion in this Life is so narrow, if

if thou art brought to a morſel of bread, to a draught of water; yet even this is enough to bear thy *charges to Heaven*: But if thou art not ſo fortunate to be Maſter of this meaner Diet, thy Life will be only the ſhorter; and poſſibly God *keeps thee ſhort here*, that he may plentifully reward thee hereafter; *Heaven is ſufficient to make thee ſatisfaction for all thy ſufferings*; in God's preſence there is *fulneſs of Joy, and at his right hand are pleaſures for evermore.* To be received into that *capacious world where are all inſtances of Joy*, all the ingredients of felicity, to have all thy faculties enlarged; to the end they may reliſh thoſe hidden Comforts to know and underſtand the *methods of Providence*, and to be made acquainted with the *Arcana imperii*, the ſecrets of Heaven.

Death is the Lot of us all, he invaded the Rich Man's Palace, as well as the poor Man's Cottage; he ſtorms the *Princes* Court, as well as the Peaſants meaner Habitation. High and Low, all muſt ſubmit, when this *grim Serjeant* makes a demand. Neither *Wealth nor Honour, neither beauty, nor Wiſdom, nor any ſecular regard*, can plead againſt Death, to priviledge a Man from the Grave. Which conſideration ſhould inſinuate with Men, to be *leſs in love with this world, and more thoughtful of that time when they muſt go into a fixed ſtate, either of eternal happineſs, or miſery*. But ſuch was the ſtupid folly of *Dives*, that to dye was the leaſt of his care, and the leaſt in his mind. His chiefeſt ſtudy was, what he ſhould *eat, drink, and put on*; what ſort of pleaſures would beſt ſuit with, and accommodate his Senſes. In fine, his happineſs was fixed in theſe periſhing enjoyments, and ſo fondly imagined his condition immutable; But behold *a woful change of things!* In the midſt of carnal ſecurity, Death ſteps in, an unwelcome Gueſt, a frightful Spectrum

frown, and irresistably hauls him from all his darling repasts, and *crouds him into the Region of damned Spirits*. Now he that was cloathed with Purple and fine Linnen, is inveloped in devouring and unquenchable flames; he that *fared sumptuously and deliciously every day*, is confined to a loathsome dungeon, and doomed to suffer those intollerable preparations, and to enhance his Misery, *Lazarus, whom he uncharitably denied the crumbs which fell from his Table*, and without any reluctancy permitted to faint, languish, and dye at his Gate, is *at a distance presented to his view lying in* Abraham's *Bosom*, crowned with Glory, and encircled with the rades of eternal bliss. To *Abraham* he addresses himself, *Pity my hard fate, consider my woful condition, see how the flames scorch and torment me, see how my tongue is parch'd with heat; I am so miserably afflicted, that I cannot express my self; I praythee therefore to send* Lazarus *with a drop of water to abate the Anguish, and allay the throbbings of my enflamed Tongue.* So great and vehement are the plagues of Hell, that the damned Spirits there cry continually for help and succour, but are not pitiable Objects, having withstood the frequent tenders of Grace and Mercy.

To conclude, let us all endeavour to answer the end of God in whatsoever condition we are; if we be Rich, *let us be Humble, Meek, and Modest, affable, Courteous, and Charitable*; if Poor, *Content, Thankful, and Holy*. Now to the mighty Governour of the World, who loveth *Mankind*, and giveth to all Men according to Infinite Wisdom, be given the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

FINIS.